

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, 15 CENTS A WEEK, 50 CENTS A MONTH, \$3 FOR SIX MONTHS, \$4 A YEAR. THE SAME TERMS BY MAIL.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, Issued Thursdays, One Dollar a Year.

THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO. OFFICE 400 STATE STREET.

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Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tahiti, in the South Seas, is now lighted by electric lamps.

The Supreme court of New York is asked by Mrs. Virginia L. Hallett to issue an injunction to prevent her landlady and the janitor of the apartment house where she lives, from interfering with her daughter in carrying her bicycle up stairs to her flat. Many will wish her good luck.

Sir John Kirk and Henry M. Stanley agree that the great need of Africa is the construction of railroads, by which a white population can be carried swiftly into the high lands of the interior. Along the coast the regions are unhealthy, and no Europeans can live in them, but farther inland the elevation is higher and free from malarial troubles.

The fact that Mrs. Samuel McKee, of Pittsburg, broke her fan the other day is chronicled as a misfortune by the Pittsburg newspapers for the reason that there is only one other fan like it in existence, and that is the property of Mrs. U. S. Grant. Each of the fans was the gift of Minister Bingham when he returned from Japan, and the discovery of the resemblance was made when the two ladies met at a reception in Pittsburg on the return of General and Mrs. Grant from their tour of the world. The fans are of delicately transparent shell, beautifully decorated in gold.

The Canadian postal savings bank system is such a success that it makes a good example for this country. At the close of the last fiscal year the number of depositors had reached 126,082 and the deposits for the year amounted to \$7,488,028. The total deposits since 1888 have aggregated nearly \$27,000,000. This amounts to a popular loan to the government on which the depositors now receive 3½ per cent interest. The cost of management has been very small, while the system has been of great advantage to the people, especially in sections where there are no other convenient facilities for the deposit of savings.

An important linguistic expedition into Africa has just been completed by the Rev. Charles Robinson, who was sent out by the Haussa association to find material for a Haussa dictionary. He first went to Tripoli and Tunis, where there are Haussa colonies, and then by way of the Niger and the Benue reached Kano, the commercial center of Haussa land. In returning from Kano to Egga on the Niger he traversed 425 miles where no European had been. He brought back 2,000 new words for a dictionary, materials for a Haussa grammar, and native manuscripts containing history and historical and religious songs. The Haussa is the most important language of northern Africa. The people who speak it extend from the Niger region across to Soudan, and cover a territory nearly a thousand miles square; they are very industrious and are the only nation that Mr. Stanley met that esteemed books.

One of the disagreeable consequences of death in California is that when millionaires die, whether married or single, unsuspected children arise to claim their rights. This has become so common that it has ceased to surprise. But the latest case is unusual even in California. Alexander P. Moore, a millionaire, died a bachelor and intestate. His heirs were four sisters, a brother and a niece, who had agreed upon a distribution of the estate. Suddenly the usual illegitimate son appeared. He called himself J. H. Q. Moore and demanded a million. He compromised for \$20,000. But when one of the dead man's sisters objected to acknowledging the claim, on the ground that it would besmirch her brother's good name, the young man promptly offered to sign a declaration that he was not the son. Thus he lays claims to a share of the estate because he is the son and then receives it through admitting that he is not.

Leigh Hunt, who was formerly owner of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and who has just returned from a visit to

China and Japan, thinks that with free trade this country would have more to fear from the Orient than from England, Germany and France. The study of industrial conditions was one of the chief objects of Mr. Hunt's trip abroad, and he was greatly impressed not only by the skill shown by the people of the East, but by the low wages paid for labor in Eastern countries. "From five to ten cents a day," he says, "these are the wages paid operatives in Chinese cotton mills. The industries of the United States need protection, not from Europe particularly, but from the results of cheap labor in the Orient. Should the ports of this country be thrown open free to the Orient manufacturers, the producers of raw material would suffer alike with the American manufacturer. Free trade with China and Japan would be ruinous to the United States, and any one who has watched the growth of industries in the Orient will soon learn that there is more to fear from the latter than from all the countries of the Old World."

THE YACHT RACE.

The English in England are discouraged by the result of the first contest between Valkyrie and Defender. And no wonder. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Their hope of getting the cup has been long deferred, and they are pretty sure now that it is to be deferred some more. The Pall Mall Gazette mournfully says: We fear there is no America's cup this year for Lord Dunraven. The better boat won, as it is likely to win every time. The chief defect of Valkyrie, to which we have on several occasions alluded, is the fuss she makes going through the water. The conditions of the first match, therefore, were much against her. With a calm surface she may do better, but in stronger winds she is not likely to do so well. English yachtsmen may console themselves as best they can with recollections of Britannia's triumphs over Navahoe and Vigilant.

The interest in this country in the second trial, which is to take place today, is not intense. There will be no surprise if the Defender wins, and there will be much if she shouldn't happen to.

BLOOMERS AND STUDENTS.

Bloomers can fairly be said to be holding their own, but they are getting some hard knocks. The hardest has just been delivered in Paris, in which city it was recently rumored that the prefect of police was about to issue an order prohibiting women from wearing bloomers. The rumor aroused an outcry in defense of the new style of apparel. So formidable was the outburst of popular sentiment that the order was never issued. Among the objections urged against the prefect's determination the most impressive was that of the professors in the Latin quarter. They sent a lengthy communication to the official setting forth "that since the women of the Latin quarter had taken to bloomers, whether in cycling or not, they had lost all charm for the students, who were now attending their classes regularly." The fear was also expressed that if the young women should take again to their former coquettish costumes they would regain their former ascendancy over the students and cause a relapse into neglect of study.

If young women must choose between students and bloomers most of them will probably stick to the students. If they do not they are more emancipated than they are generally thought to be. As time goes on it will be interesting to notice how they act in New Haven concerning this matter.

MR. HOWE'S CASE.

Benjamin G. Howe, the prominent citizen of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is out of the Rutland workhouse, having served his sentence of sixty days, less five for good behavior, for the illegal selling of liquor at a hotel which he owned and ran. He is much talked about and is doing some talking himself. To a correspondent of the Boston Herald he showed "evidence of mental suffering," but "his quiet, dignified bearing, firm lip, and dark brown, piercing eyes, were enough to carry the conviction that the eight weeks of his confinement had not robbed him of his spirit." Mr. Howe did not seem to be bitter over his incarceration. "If I owed the State anything," he said, "I have paid the debt." He thought that something would probably be done at once about the prohibition law, and added that "half the hotel keepers of the State will be where I am, or the hotels must be closed up if the present law is enforced." He did not care to denounce the governor, although he thought that it would have been better for that functionary, who owns the Van Ness house, "if he had pardoned me out." He did not know whether he should go to the legislature or not, but predicted that at the next session of the legislature the people will see "the liveliest times on the liquor question ever known in Vermont."

It would be rather unusual to elect a man to the legislature just after his release from jail, but it is quite probable that Mr. Howe will be so treated. If he does go to the legislature he will be able to do some great work as chairman of the Committee on Intemperance.

FASHION NOTES.

Suitings of Old Weave. In replacing silks in large degree, as suitings will in fashionable fall dressings, the latter weaves will include novel goods, which are doubtless designed to make women pleased with the change from more showy stuffs. One of these novelty suitings is employed in the costume sketched herewith and is a handsome green figured with pink rosebuds. The bodice is cut with fitted back and front, fastens at the side and is trimmed with a draped bertha of black lace. This bertha is draped with green ribbons, and two ribbon straps



extend from the center of the front to the side seams. The skirt is untrimmed and a black felt hat is worn that is trimmed with green velvet ribbons and small sprays of foliage. The present high swathing of the throat will soon give way to the collar cut low at the side of the neck and finished with a wide frill of flowing lace. This is a most trying fashion, and was to the woman of this face and slender neck! But the girl whose rosy face is set on a round throat like a flower on a stem will make a brand new hit in the new fashion, fascinating as she has been looking in stocks and swaths. Till really cold weather comes, deep flat collars slashed over the shoulder to allow room for the sleeves will be worn, and all sorts of muslin neck arrangements will retain their vogue for disposal about the throat. Even a clerical effect is to be ventured by bib-like expanses of stiff linen about the neck and shoulders. This means that many a complexion that safely withstood mid-summer's heat will yet have a severe trial in the autumn.

A pretty variation on the round shoulder cape is one that has ends crossing in front like a Marie Antoinette schu. To the woman who has a pretty waist and handsomely curved figure this fashion is less ungenerous than the round cape, which, no matter how stylish in itself, hides the figure entirely. FLORETTE.

CURES.

"Couldn't your husband be induced to try the faith cure?" "I think he could. He's tried dozens of things he didn't believe in."—Vogue.

Millionaire—Honesty, my son, is always the best policy. His son—Well, maybe it is, father, but still you've done pretty well.—Boston Post.

Bacon—I always said that Mrs. Cross would make her mark sooner or later. Egbert—You don't mean to tell me Cross has a black eye?—Yonker's Statesman.

He—Why does Miss Middleage persist in singing "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon"? She—Because he can come down and deny it.—Harper's Bazar.

"He has yielded his life for me," she moaned. The tempest tossed her hair in wat'ry rings over her face. She heeded it not. "And this was a double life, too."—Detroit Tribune.

Bride (on shipboard at sea)—I feel so sick, my dear, and if I should die, and they bury me here, you'll sometimes come and plant flowers on my grave, won't you?—Tit-Bits.

"Anyway," said the corned philosopher, "when the women get into congress you won't hear any more of that 'I pause for a reply' chestnut. They won't pause. No."—Indianapolis Journal.

Great editor—And did you write this essay all by yourself? Literary aspirant—Yes; it is all my own work. Great editor—Well, then, Charles Lamb, I am very much pleased to meet you.—Syracuse Post.

Bishop Guillem—You mustn't grieve too much, my dear sister. Remember that, though your dear husband has left this mortal body, he is still with you. "What's not going to affect the insurance, is it?"—Life.

Minister (at baptismal font)—Name, please? Mother (snubbing the priest)—Philip Ferdinand Chesterfield Randolph Livingston. Minister (aside to assistant)—Mr. Kneeler, a little more water, please.—Cincinnati Commercial.

The following text I have seen on a grave-board in Okewood churchyard: Surrey—"The Lord hath need of him." This quotation from the Bible refers to our Lord's want of an ass to ride to Jerusalem.—London Spectator.

They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the high forehead asked what the other thought of the "Origin of Species." The other said he hadn't read it. "In fact," he added, "I'm not interested in financial subjects."—Boston Transcript.

Out of His Line—"Look here," said the Chinese General to one of his officers, "you are showing a very brilliant spirit." "Yes, I feel that way." "Why didn't you defeat a few Japanese?" "Out of my line, General. Missionaries constitute my specialty."—Washington Star.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

Mysterious Blemishes on a Dazzlingly Fair Face—The Periodical Waxing and Waning on the Sun's Spottedness—A Perplexing Phenomenon—Discoveries Made and Theories Advanced on the Subject. On a beautiful summer morning in 1892 a light cloud of mist suddenly covered the face of the sun, abstracting the beams perilous to the eye and providing a singularly fine definition of the usually dazzling disk. No one who looked at the pleasing spectacle could have failed to perceive a pronounced blot on the otherwise fair surface. It was a "sun spot" group of extraordinary size, covering an area of at least 7,000,000,000 square miles, and furnishing a hint of the sun's immensity, for its larger diameter was not one-eighth nor its smaller diameter one-twelfth that of the sun.

The discovery of sun spots is not one of the triumphs of our own golden age, for in the long, long ago, in the "Flowery Kingdom" of faraway China, there were mist clouds and sharp eyes, as is evinced by records of sun spots written in the baffling characters of a most remarkable alphabet.

And nearer our own time, in A. D. 807, European observers saw a large spot which was supposed to be the planet Mercury. But, like the little worlds which roam in space between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and which are discovered only to be lost again, sun spots figured as little in the annals of the times that when Fabricius announced in 1611 that he had found "dark spots on the sun" he agitated the prevailing schools of philosophy to the depths, for all such singular appearances had been attributed to the transits of planets. The great name of Galileo is associated with the discovery, and that mental giant claimed to have seen spots earlier even than Fabricius. Still, neither independent discovery was made by Scheiner. The whole leading to the most successful method of beating a man deaf, dumb, lame, and blind. A footnote states that "The Syllabus, or Compendium, for the use of Students in Athletics, referring to Matters explained in this Lecture, may be had of Mr. Professor Broughton in Market Lane, where proper instructions in the Art and Practice of Boxing are delivered, without Loss of Eye or Limb to the Student."

Peter Cunningham preserves the following extract from the London Daily Advertiser of December 11, 1746: "At Broughton's Amphitheatre this day will be a tremendous decision of manhood between the celebrated Champions James and Smallwood. Note: As this contest is likely to be rendered horrible with blood and bruises, all Frenchmen are desired to come forthwith with a proper quantity of Hartshorn." The price of general admission is not given, but Noblemen and Gentlemen were told that they could obtain tickets for five shillings, "which would admit them in to a part of the house appropriated for their better accommodation."

Broughton died in 1789, "eminently respected," and in his eighty-fifth year.

For Women of the Rubens Type.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

A fresh white gown is always an agreeable sight in itself, but plain white and all pale colors are sure to enlarge the apparent size of the figure, and require skillful art in designing the dress. To find a color which makes one's size look small, take the stuffs into a twilight, and observe which show darkest; those colors, or garments of those colors, will be the ones to choose, at least for walking costumes, for large women. Large but well-subdued plaids or brocades have a good effect in taking away the blankness of wide spaces. Broad diagonal or crepe has a similar effect, and every one knows that vertical stripes impart a tall and slender appearance.

The stout woman's beauty is of the magnificent and stately order, and must be clothed in massive folds or ample drapery, not scant and tight patterns. The gown should fit, of course, in refined trim curves, because the true classic drapery is simply out of the question for ordinary women's wear at present. Classic folds would really glorify the stout woman, as they did the old Roman empresses and matrons; but, as I said, that is out of the question. So much the worse. There must, then, be corsets and a well-fitted bodice, but also folds or drapery in vertical or serpentine lines, a generous wealth of material to correspond with the form it covers.

The present fashions are well adapted to the stout beauty, if she will avoid the belt effect. The shirt-waist she should never, never be induced to wear for any consideration whatever. A long flowing sash, or long-skirted Louis XVI. coat, particularly with a seam around the front, about two or three inches below the waist-line, with the back cut in one piece—these should replace the shirt-waist for her. The long basque, the long-skirted jacket, are her designs. The princess dress is her very own.

The belted waist she can afford to leave to the slender young woman. Anything like a belt for her wear must be curved and set several inches below the waist-line, drooping in front and back; but the absence of any belt improves her figure. Any figure, however short, can wear the long-skirted basque if the relative proportions of waist-line, skirt and edge of under-skirt are studied on the figure who wears the skirt.

An English Prize-Fighter of the Olden Time.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

Mr. James Figg, a native of Oxfordshire, seems to have been the first professional bruiser who attained any great prominence in England. He was distinguished by his victories over all his provincial competitors in the arts of single-stick and cudgel-playing, before he went to the metropolis to teach the nobility and gentry of that period the many arts of self-defence with the broadsword and the fists. He fought twice, without gloves, with Sutton, the

The Father of the Art of Self-Defence.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

John Broughton, who stood five feet eleven inches, and who weighed fourteen stone, has been termed the "Father of the Truly English Art of Self-Defence." He was champion from 1740 to 1750, and he was the first to draw up any definite rules for the regulation of the prize fight. His most distinguished patron was the distinguished Duke of Cumberland, of the blood royal, who is said to have gone from Broughton's boxing booth to Culloden, and to have gone directly to Broughton's on his return from his own great butchering expedition. It is recorded that the duke once took the pugilist to the continent, and asked his opinion of the Grenadier Guards at Berlin; and that the champion expressed his readiness to fight the whole regiment, one by one, if he were allowed a breakfast between each battle. Broughton seems to have been a man of a good deal of common sense, and to have fought with his brains as well as with his fists. He was unfortunate, because too sanguine, in an encounter with one Jack Black, however, and he lost his popularity and his prestige at one fell swoop between the eyes. The noble and right royal duke was his financial backer on this occasion, and he is reported to have jeered at the fallen champion, whose defeat cost his royal highness ten thousand guineas.

At Broughton's amphitheatre for boxing, otherwise called "the Tottenham Court Nursery," the pugilist encounters took place upon an uncovered platform in a yard open to the public street. An advertisement of this establishment given in full in Old and New London is worth quoting here in part. "A lecture on Manhood or Gymnastic Physiology, wherein the whole Theory and Practice of the Art of Boxing will be fully explained by various Operators on the Animal Oeconomy and the Principles of the Solids and Fluids of the Body, together with the True Method of investigating the Nature of the Blows, Strokes, Buttresses, etc., incident to Combatants. The whole leading to the most successful Method of beating a Man deaf, dumb, lame, and blind." A footnote states that "The Syllabus, or Compendium, for the use of Students in Athletics, referring to Matters explained in this Lecture, may be had of Mr. Professor Broughton in Market Lane, where proper instructions in the Art and Practice of Boxing are delivered, without Loss of Eye or Limb to the Student."

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pipe-maker of Gravesend, and once each with Tom Buck and Bob Stokes. His portrait was engraved in mezzotint by Faber. Hogarth, in the second plate of The Rake's Progress, perpetuated his face and figure, and also introduced him, cunningly enough, on horseback, in Southwark Fair, with his head well plastered.

Figg's Amphitheatre was in Mary-le-Bone Parish, near the Oxford Road, and bear-baiting, tiger-hunting, cock-fighting were among the attractions of the place.

Mrs. Stokes, the City Championess, according to an old advertisement, challenged the Hibernian Championess to meet her at Figg's; and there are frequent allusions to similar encounters of the pugilist sort among the members of the gentler sex of those days.

In 1768 we are told that two women fought for a newshift, valued at half a crown, in Spa Fields, near Islington, and that the battle was won by "Bruising Peg," who beat her antagonist in a terrible manner. And in the summer of the same year we learn, that in the same ring two women, whose names are not given, fought "an extraordinary battle with two tallors, for a guinea a head."

"How did you feel on your fiftieth birthday?" asked one of Boston's bachelors of another, who is beginning to grow old. "Never happier or friskier in my life," said he, "but I had a bad headache next day."—Boston Herald.

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Eclipse Veilings, 15c yd.
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